## Select Miscellany.

THE LONG DRAMA-FROM '76 TO '83. BY WALLACK BRUCK.

With banners bright, with roll of droms, With pride and pomp and civil state, A Nation, born of courage, comes. The closing act to celebrate.

We've traced the drama page by page From Lexington to Yorktown field; The curtain drops upon the stage, The century's book to-day is sealed.

A cycle grand-with wonders fraught

That triumph over time and space-

In woven steel its dreams are wrought, The nations whisper face to face. But in the proud and onward march We halt an hour for dress parade, temembering that fair freedom's arch Springs from the base our fathers laid.

With cheeks aglow with patriot fire They pass in long review sgain, We grasp the hand of noble sire

Who made two words of " noblemen.

In allence now the tattered band-Heroes in homespun, worn and gray— Around the old head-quarters stand, As in that dark uncertain day.

That low-roofed dweeling shelters still The phantom tenants of the past; The garret beam, each oaken sill. Treasures and holds their memories fast.

Ay, humble walls! the manger-birth To emphasize this truth was given; The lowliest roofs are nearest Heaven.

No king but God!"-to guide our way, Like that of old-" Good will to men "-Unto the shrine where freedom lay.

One window looking toward the east, Seven doors wide-open every side; That room revered proclaims at least An invitation free and wide. Wayne, Putnam, Knox and Heath are there,

Stenben, proud Prussia's honored son, Brave Lafayette from France the fair, And, chief of all, our Washington. An honest man without pretence

He stands supreme to teach the power Alike disdsining fraud and art, He blended love with stern command; He bore his country in his heart, He held his army by the hand.

Hush! earping critic, read aright The record of his fair renown :-A leader by diviner right

Than he who wore the British crown. With silver locks and eyes grown dim As victory's sun proclaimed the morn, He pushed aside the diadem

With stern rebuke and patriot scorn He quells the half-paid mutineers, And binds them closer to the cause; His presence turns their wrath to tears Their muttered threats to loud applause

The great Republic had its birth That hour beneath the army's wing, Whose leader taught by native wort The man is grander than the king.

The stars on that bright azure field, Which proudly wave o'er land and sea, Were fitly taken from his shield We need no trappings worn and old,

No courtly lineage to invoke. No tinseled plate, but solid gold, No thin veneer, but heart of oak. No aping after foreign ways

Becomes a son of noble sire: Columbia wins the sweetest praise When clad in simple, plain attire.

In science, poesy and art, We ask the best the soul can give; We feel the throb of Britain's heart. And will while Burns and Shakespeare live. But oh! the Nation is too great

To borrow emptiness and pride; The queenly Hudson wears in state Her robes with native pigments dyed. October lifts with colors bright

The crimson trees, aglow with light, Like Horeb's bush the leaves repeat

From lips of flame with glory crowned: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet,

O fairest stream beneath the sun! Thy Highland portal was the key. Which force and treason well-nigh won Like that of famed Thermopyle.

That Ridge along our eastern coast, From Carolina to the Sound, Opposed its front to England's host, And heroes at each pass were found.

A vast primeval palisade, With bastions bold and wooded crest A bulwark strong, by nature made To guard the valley of the west.

Along its heights the beacons gleamed, It formed the Nation's battle line, The soldier-seers of Palestine. These hills shall keep their memory sure,

The blocks we rear shall fall away, The mountain fastnesses endure,
And speak their glorious deeds for aye. And oh! while morning's golden urn

Pours amber light o'er purple brim, And rosy peaks like rubies burn Around the emerald valley's rim;

So long preserve our hearth-stone warm Our reverence, O God, Increase! And let the glad centennials form One long Millennial of Peace.

## A Breakfast in San Juan Capistrano.

One of the most interesting features of travel in out-of-the-way places in Cali-fornia is the meeting of the people who have drifted there on strange currents from all parts of the world. The more out-of-the-way the place, the surer one is to find in it somebody out of the common line—a man or a woman whose history, if written, would be a romance of many chapters.

The country seems to be a natural city of refuge for all kinds of waifs from all sorts of wrecks. Many of its little vil-lages are themselves waifs from wrecks of old-time prosperities and splendors; the wilderness has partly reclaimed them; has flung out its mantle of stillness over their streets and seems timidly lending back to them some of its charms—on trust, as it were-to see if they can be faithful to the spirit of its quiet and peace. Such an one is San Juan Capistrano, the site of the all-famous Franciscan mission of that name. A handful of poor Mexi-cans and still poorer Indians, perhaps three or four hundred souls all told, are all that are living there now. The crum-bling rains of the old mission church are in harmony with the look on every face in the village. To think of rebuilding it would seem an abnormal fancy, a silly interference with the course of nature. As well ask the old beggars who lie sunning themselves at every corner to be born

over sgain.

Shells pile up year after year on the untrodden sauds of its harbor, in which ships used to come and go, but where no sail has been seen for years. The wild mustard grows twenty feet high every summer, spreading its canopies of gold over the fast-fading lines of the paths where sailors, shippers and traders used to climb up and down the cliffs.

The spell of the old traditions of the

place is enhanced by a perpetually sunny sky and balmy air. It was one of the choicest spots which the wise Franciscans selected on the California coast. Two or

coming and going, and men and women taking their ease and pleasure, such as America nowhere knows to-day.

A Polish Jew, who fled years ago from

his home in a little oppressed village on the confines of Russia, has drifted into the place and is keeping its inn—an inn which is, like most of the rural inns of California, four-fifths shop and one-tenth post-office. The remaining tenth of the establishment is not a very bad inn, as country inns go in California. Its lodging rooms are above the shop-reached by an outside staircase; a semi-partitioned nest of chambers, with white-washed board ceilings, and a furore of decoration that makes one blink on first entering the rooms, as if kaleidoscopes were at battle there. Feather work, worsted work, pampas plumes, leather work, vases, statuettes, chromos, photographs, lithographs, Nottingham lace, crochetted work, shell work, straw work, bead work, cones, dried leaves and grasses are a few of the adornments of this home of Polish exiles. A piano, also a guitar and an accordion, and piles of music—better music, too, than one would have looked for, arguing from the chromos and the leather work.

At a breakfast in this little inn, one sunny morning last summer, it chanced that the word "Siberia" was mentioned, and a question raised as to the treatment

of exiles there.

"I spent two years in Siberia," said a quiet-voiced man opposite me; "but I saw very little of the exiles. They are kept out of sight as much as possible."

"I can tell you a little shtory," exclaimed the landlord, who was passing through the room and halted at the sound of the more of Siberia." "I have conof the word "Siberia." "I haf seen men, and women, too, of my people, driven in the streets to go to Siberia. We know very well about Siberia in my town. Our count, he vas there seven years in a mine.

I tell you the shtory how our count came home from Siberia. It ish not long."

"Oh, pray tell it to us," we exclaimed.
His face darkened. "I could tell many shtories, which haf no joy in the end of them like this shtory,' he said. "I like to forget them if I could; but I cannot. He was our count, sent to the mines for his life. It was all for political he was sent. He was a very good man; his father and his father before him haf been count in our village. He owned the village, 'most all. After he was seven years in Siberia, in the dark mine, they find out he was innocent. That was what he told them in the beginning: and all his friends told it, too; but nobody would listen. So the em-peror, he pardoned him, and brought him to St. Petersburg to get his free papers. But they did not gif him one cent. They only said, 'Now you can go,' and our count was too proud to say, 'I haf no money to pay to go home.' And he haf no clothes but clothes he had in Siberia. So he did walk home all the way from St. Petersburg, and beg all what he ate on the road; and at each place he haf to

show his free papers to let him go through; then everybody would gif food.

"When he reached our town, he was so ragged, his beard all covered with dirt, not washed his face, the Burgomaster's servant thought he must be a beggar tramp, and wanted to lock him up.

"'No,' he says, 'I am no beggar. must see the Burgomaster himself. "'You cannot see the Burgamaster himself; he is in the garden. "Then the Burgomaster's wife she came,

and she said to give the poor old man something to eat. "'No! I am no beggar. I am not hungry. I must see the Burgomaster.'

"At last came the Burgomaster, very angry, and he said:
"'You are not too old to work. You

go to work. It is shame for you to beg.' look at these papers?'

and he shook; he was ready to die; he thought what the count would do to him; and he pulled his wife down on her knees, too, to pray to forgive.
"'That is all right,' said our Count.

You say not one word till night.' "Then he went on to his castle; his wife was there; she had never gone away all the seven years he was in the mines "The porter would not let him in the

"'I must see the Countess,' he said. " You cannot see the Countess." "But I will see the Countess. I have

urgent business to see the Countess.' "Then the porter raised his whip to strike him. "'Do not strike; if you do, you are

dead in one half hour.' Then the porter was afraid; he did not know what beggar could speak like that, and he called the dogs to drive him away. But the dogs knew the Count, and instead of to drive him away they began to lick his hand; and while the porter thinks it was the devil to make the dogs lick him, because they were fierce dogs, the Count got by, and got inside the castle; and then to the next servant that stood he said:

"'I must see the countess;' and this servant was afraid, to see such a ragged beggar had got past the porter at the gate, and he was going to take him at the throat, but the count said:

"'If you touch me, you are dead in one half-hour. Go tell the countess I bring her news from her husband."

"Then the countess came, and she thought he must be a crazy beggar; and she stretched out her hands to give money to him, and spake so gentle to tell him to go away.

"'What! do you not know your Ignacia any more?' he said. Then she fell down in dead swoon before his feet. And the next day they came through the streets in their carriage, so close to the side of each other, all in beautiful clothes, and he had hold of her hand in his; and all the people were crying on the street. But he looked like one old man sixty years old; and he was not forty. When he went away he was a handsome young man with black hair; and it had turned to be white as snow. It did turn in the first year. Oh! we know well about Siberia in our town. I haf seen our count many times; he haf pick me up and many times; he hat pick me up and carry me on his shoulder when I was no bigger than this," and he laid his hand on the head of his little nine-year-old boy who had listened with dilating eyes to his father's story. "Ach! but we know about Siberia in our town," and he strode out of the room, evidently not wishing to speak or to hear another word on the subject.

on the subject. A silence fell on the whole group at the breakfast-table. The story had the ring of a ballad, and its tale had carried each one there into a realm either of memory or imagination, where speech was impossible. The exile's story of exile had struck broad chords in every breast. The quiet-voiced man who had opened the conversation by saying that he had spent two years in Siberia, we afterward learned had been formerly an officer

They would insist upon ranning political campaigns upon moral issues. It might not be easy to interest them in the tariff or to induce them to pay much attention to the relative merits of a single or a double monetary standard. But they would come out strong on all kinds of prohibition, and we might expect that after they had shut up the saloons they would place tobacco under the ban, and make it a penal offense for any married man to be a member of a club.

three hundred years hence it will no doubt in the United States navy. The still be again alive and splendid; with ships quieter man who sat on his left had been a famous naval commander in the south-ern confederacy all through our civil war, and ever since that had lived in dreamy seclusion in San Juan Capistrano. We ourselves were wanderers, not wholly of our own pleasure, being driven out by scourges of snow and cold to go in search

of warmth and sun. "After all," we said, "the word 'exile' covers wide ground. One need not be born the subject of a tyrannical monarchy to understand it. That man is fortunate who lives his life out without ever learning in his agreement. ing in his own experience something of its bitterness."—H. H., in Christian Union.

## Judah P. Benjamin on the Retreat.

Burton N. Harrison of the New York bar, who was Jefferson Davis' private secretary, describes in the November Century the retreat from Richmond, and "The Capture of Jefferson Davis." Facts of historical interest and humorous anecdotes historical interest and humorous anecdotes abound in the paper. The now famous Mr. Benjamin's good humor during the retreat is described as follows: "We moved southward on, I think, the day following the council of war held with General Johnston, starting from Greensboro in the afternoon. The president, those of us who constituted his immediate staff, and some members of the cabinet. and some members of the cabinet, were mounted. Others rode in ambulances, army wagons, or such conveyances as gould be got. Almost at the last minute I was told I must provide an ambulance for Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, secretary of state. His figure was not well adapted for protracted riding, and he had firmly announced that he should not mount a horse until obliged to.

"By good fortune, I was able to secure an ambulance; but the horses were old and broken down, of a dirty gray color, and with spots like fly-bites all over them —and the harness was not good. There was no choice, however, and into that ambulance got Mr. Benjamin, General Sam nel Cooper (adjutant general, and ranking officer of the whole army), Mr. George Davis (of North Carolina, attorney-general), and Mr. Jules St. Martin, Benja-

min's brother-in-law. "By the time they got off, the front of our column had been some time in mo-tion, and the president had ridden down the road. Heavy rains had recently fallen, the earth was saturated with water, the soil was a sticky red clay, the mud was awful, and the road, in places, almost impracticable. The wheeled vehicles could move but slowly; and it was only by sometimes turning into the fields and having St. Martin and the attorney general get out to help the horses with an occasional fence-rail under the axles, that their party got along at all—so difficult was the road because of the mud, and so formidable were the holes made during the winter, and deepened by the artillery and heavy wagons that day. I was near them from time to time, and rendered what assistance I could. Darkness came on after awhile, and nearly or quite every-body in the column passed ahead of that ambulance. Having been kept latterly in the rear by something detaining me, I ob-served, as I rode forward, the tilted hindpart of an ambulance stuck in the mud in the middle of the road, and recognized the voices inside, as I drew rein for a mo-ment to chuckle at their misfortunes. The horses were blowing like two rusty foghorns; Benjamin was scolding the driver for not going on; that functuary was stoically insisting they could proceed no whit further, because the horses were broken down; and General Cooper (faithful old gentleman, he had been in Richmond throughout our war, and had not known since the Seminole war what it is to 'rough it') was grumbling about the impudence of a subordinate officer (topical he brigading as subordinate officer ('only a brigadier-general, sir'). It seems the offender had ambulance drawn by good horses, that was intended for the adjutant-general. Getting alongside, I could see the front wheels were over the hubs in a hole; the hind legs of the horses were in the same hole, up to the hocks; and the feet of the

driver hung down almost into the mud.

Mud and water were deep all around them, and their plight was pitiful in-

deed! They plucked up their spirits only when I offered to get somebody to pull them out. Riding forward, I found

an artillery camp, where some of the men volunteered to go back with horses and haul the ambulance up the hill; and, re-

turning to them again, I could see from

fort, verse after verse of Tennyson's ode on the death of the duke of Wellington !

The laureate would have enjoyed the

situation could he have heard the appre-

ciative rendering of his noble poem-un-

der the circumstances of that moment!" It was a memorable day for Newport when President Arthur caught an eightypound bass. He wore a blue flaunel suit, and, according to an eye-witness, sat on the string piece of the West Island pier, with his legs hanging over. After more than an hour of inaction there was a sudden tug at the line. Aroused from leth-argy, the President was yet calm. A bass weighing eighty pounds is not deemed by fishermen so hard to handle as a fifteenpound salmon or a seven-pound trout, and yet he presents considerable difficulty. This bass might have known that he would eventually be landed, and that it was no use to swim seaward; but he did it, and so vigorously that there was no use in trying to stop him before the line was nearly all let out. Then he became fatigued, and the President reeled him in for thirty or forty feet. There the fish resisted awhile, getting tired out by it, and then suffered himself to be slowly hauled nearly to the pier. The rest renewed his vim, and he shot away, making the reel rattle as the line spun out. By the same treatment as before he was drawn back, until he floated passively right under the President's suspended boots, and was soon hauled ashore. The historian thinks that the operation occupied fifteen minutes.

THE energy shown by the women at the polls during the recent election in Ohio may give us some idea of what might be expected if throughout the length and breadth of this fair land our mothers, sisters, wives, cousins and aunts were armed with the voting privilege. They would insist upon running political

## Dumorsome.

DARWIN IN THE KITCHEN.

The proofs of the Darwinian theory of development are setting more and more overwhelming. It explains many phenomena which would otherwise remain inscrutable. Our New York contemporary, the American Grocer, has made a clever use of it in the following

I was taking off my bonnet One afternoon at three,
When a hinsect jumped upon it,
As proved to be a flea.

Then I takes it to the grate,

Between the bars to stick it;

But I hadn't long to wait Ere it changed into a cricket. Says I, " Surely my sen Is a getting in a fog;" So to drown it I conti-

Here my heart began to thump And no wonder I felt funky, For the frog with one big jump Leaped hisself into a monkey

Then I opened wide my eyes, Its features for to scan,

And observed with great surprise That the monkey was a man, But be vanished from my sight, And I sunk upon the floor,

Just as Missos with a light, Came inside the kitchen door Then beginning to abuse me, She says : " Sarah, you've been drinkin'; ' I says: " No ma'am; you'll excuse me,

But I've merely been a-thinkin'. But as sure as I'm a cinder That party what you see A gettin' out of winder; Have developed from a fiea!"

A Political Outfit.

BURDETTE'S SEASONABLE ADVICE AS TO PLATFORM LITERATURE.

Be something, young man. If none of the existing parties suit you, organize one of your own, and go "slosbing around." But don't have a politic. Institute a war cry. View with alarm and point with pride on your own hook, but do view and point. If you are very vigorous you may also, at times, "recoil with horror." You may find this very effective toward the close of the campaign. If I had time, my close of the campaign. If I had time, my son, I believe I could fit you out with a full and complete assortment of tools, weapons and armor for politics. You should have, at the opening of the campaign, beside the matter already mentioned: One dozen kegs of nails, wherewith to nail the enemy's lies. Shriek every time you nail a lie. Down with the Mormon A faw indicions lies to toss Mormons. A few judicious lies to toss around carelessly, but not too early, just to keep him busy. Shout when you scatter them. Say something mean about the Mormons. A few "demands" for things that we already have, and have had for fifty years. Nobody will notice this if you only yell them out lustily, and with the air of a man who is saying something new. The older the "demand" the londer you must yell when you make it. "Demand" especially that the Mormons be suppressed. Some "pledge" more or less. Pledge yourself to something easy—the abolition of Mormonism, the abolition of slavery, and unyielding opposition to the payment of the confederate bonds by the sale of Ohio. Roar about it, and give it to the Mormons red hot. Remem-ber the soldiers. This is eminently proper, patriotic and cheap. "Twon't cost you a cent. Stand upon the house-tops and in a loud voice call them "the defenders of the republic," and declare that they shall have their rights. Along near the clean of the carrier in the car they shall have their rights. Along near the close of the campaign you might prom-ise them their lefts. That's what they'll get anyhow, but you needn't say anything about that Keep as noisy as possible and howl: "The Mormons must go!" Arraign the administration! Oh! every time arraign the administration. And a common arraignment will not do. If any "And when the Burgomaster took the papers he fell on his knees on the ground, ambulance drawn by good horses, that ment of the administration, the same is liar and a horse thief, be the same more or less. If, unfortunately, you are on the side of the administration, you must arraign the other side. But you labor under a great disadvantage, if you are in with the administration. It is so much easier to stand in the street and throw tones at the window than it is to stand in the window and throw stones into the street. Demand the gradual resumption of specie payments. It has been accomplished so many years that most people have forgotten it, and this slogan will catch the Greenbackers. There, that reminds me. By all means, have a slogan afar the occasional bright glow of Benjamin's cheerful cigar. While the others of the party were perfectly silent, Benjamin's silvery voice was presently heard as he rhythmically intoned, for their comparts of the party were of Tananana's additional control of the company of No party is equipped for the contest unless it has a slogan. In some wards you will want a slogan that holds a quart.

## Bill Travers and Jersey Waists

and Baugs. That sweet old gallant, William Travers, sat with me on a hotel veranda and helped me admire a girl in a Jersey waist and bang. He is the jolliest stutterer that ever talked. "P-p-positively b-b-bewitch-ing, isn't she, Miss Clara?" "She is, indeed," I assented. Then he declared that she reminded him of a recent trial in which he was a juror. A man had met a girl in a lonely place and forcibly kissed her. She was terribly indignant and had him arrested. She gave an account on the witness stand of how he gaz-d at her intently, and then suddenly throwing his arms around her imprinted a kiss upon her lips. The prisoner made no defence, her lips. The prisoner made no defence, and the jury was expected to promptly convict him of assault. They returned to the court room. Mr. Travers was the foreman. "The ju ju-jury w-w-would like to ask the young lady two questions," he said. The judge consented and she went on the stand. "D-d-did you wear the j-j-jersey that you've g g-got on now?' "Yes, sir," was the demure reply. " And www.as your h-h-hair b-b-banged like that?" "Yes, sir." "Then, your honor, we acquit the p-prisoner on the ground of emo-mo-motional insanity."—Clara Bell in Cincinnati Enquirer.

"FATHER," said a young Austin swell with sporting proclivities, "explain me something about protection. What is the duty on sugar?" "I don't know anything about the duty on sugar, but I anything about the duty on sugar, but I can tell you something about the duty on tobacco. It is my duty to seize all the cigars I can get hold of," and reaching over toward his son's vest pocket, he snatched a handful of Havanas. "So that's the duty on tobacco, is it?" said the young man. "Well, I may be somewhat muddled on political economy, but that looks a good deal like free trade."—
Texas Siftings. Texas Siftings.

"Where are you taking me to?" asked a criminal, addressing the detective who had just arrested him. "I'm taking you to the office of the police superintendent," was the reply. "I wish to observe in this case, then," said the culpril, "that it is the office seeks the man, and not the man the office."—Summerville Journal.

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